

# AFTERMATH



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**CHAOS!**  
COMICS  
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As a result of the war against Annihilation,  
the Father of Fear, the Chaos Universe has  
been utterly destroyed, leaving only an empty  
white void. All that has gone before is no more.  
**The past is DEAD.**

**Witness now the birth of the future...**

# AFTERMATH®

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IN THE BEGINNING,  
THERE WAS THE END.

DEFEATED, DYING, THE SPIRITFUL  
MONSTROSITY ARMAGEDDON  
VOMITED FORTH A TORRENT OF  
PURE ENTROPY, CORRODING  
AND POISONING EVERYTHING  
IN ITS PATH.

THE VERY FABRIC OF THE  
UNIVERSE BURNED, NOTHING  
BUT ASHES WOULD REMAIN.

THE ONLY HOPE LAY IN USING  
MY NEWFOUND POWER OVER THE  
STRUCTURE OF REALITY.

I TWISTED THE INTERSECTION  
OF QUANTUM CHAOS AND  
IMPLICATED ORDER ON ITS  
AXIS AND RESET THE COUNTER  
OF ETERNITY TO ZERO.

EVERYTHING THAT HAD BEEN  
AND WOULD BE, WAS ERASED.  
EXISTENCE WAS WIPED CLEAN,  
A BLANK SLATE UPON WHICH  
I ALONE SURVIVED TO WRITE.

IN THAT MOMENT, I  
BECAME THE LIVING  
EMBODIMENT OF  
ULTIMATE POSSIBILITY.

NO  
LONGER AM I  
MITCHELL WARDLOW.  
LET HIS NAME AND FORM BE  
SLOUGHED AWAY ALONG  
WITH THE UNIVERSE  
IN WHICH THEY  
WERE BORN.  
NOW  
AND  
FOREVER,  
I AM—

LORD  
CHAOS!

NOW... LET  
EXISTENCE  
BEGIN  
ANEW!

I OPEN A METAPHYSICAL VEIN,  
AND BLEND POSSIBILITY BACK INTO  
THE VOID, INITIATING CREATION.

SOON, THE INFANT COSMOS  
DWARFS ME, AS THE HUNGRY  
EMPTINESS GLUTS ITSELF  
ON THAT WHICH I EMBODY.

THIS NEW GENESIS IS NOT  
WITHOUT ITS PRICE:  
JUST AS SUSPENDING REALITY  
DRAINS ME OF THE  
MAJORITY OF MY POWER.

I AM NO LONGER THE ALPHA AND  
THE OMEGA; I AM REDUCED FROM THE  
SUPREME TRANSCENDENT TO THE  
STATUS OF LESSER OMNIPOTENCE.

THAT, HOWEVER, REMAINS  
SUFFICIENT FOR WHAT  
I AM OF SURE - THE  
RECREATION OF THE  
WORLD OF MY BIRTH.

WHILE THE EARTH THAT WAS CAN  
NEVER BE RESURRECTED, I WILL CALL HER  
ESSENCE WELL ENOUGH TO FATHER  
AN OCTUPLT OF DESCENDANTS.

BEHOLD,  
THE EIGHT  
WORLDS OF  
CHAOS!

DIMENSIONALLY  
ORTHOGONAL TO  
ONE ANOTHER IN  
AN EIGHT  
DIMENSIONAL  
MANIFOLD, EACH  
UNIQUE IN THEIR  
OWN WAY WHILE  
PRESERVING A  
PORTION OF THEIR  
MOTHER'S MEMORY.

I AND I  
ALONE SHALL  
HOLD DOMINION  
OVER THEM. THEY SHALL  
BE MINE TO WATCH  
OVER, TO STUDY,  
AND DO WITH  
AS I PLEASE.

I LOOK UPON MY WORK,  
AND DISCOVER A FLAW.

THERE, ON  
THE WORLD OF  
THE DEAD... THE  
VAGABOND, THE  
MIDDLEB, THE  
TRICKSTER.

—BEDLAM, STRANGE... I  
DO NOT INTEND  
TO RE-CREATE HIM.  
HIS ABILITY TO TRAVERSE  
TIME, SPACE AND  
DIMENSIONS MAKE HIM  
TOO UNPREDICTABLE  
A VARIABLE TO  
TOLERATE.

IT IS AN  
OVERSIGHT EASILY  
CORRECTED THROUGH  
SMALL QUANTUM  
MANIPULATION.

IT IS  
DONE.  
THE LAWS OF  
PROBABILITY  
AROUND HIM HAVE  
BEEN WARPED.  
WHEREVER BEDLAM  
TRAVELS, HAVOC  
SHALL AWAIT  
HIM.

—AND THUS  
ENSURE  
DESTRUCTION.

JEROME, ARIZONA  
ON WHAT I CALL  
THE DEADWORLD.

IT'S WHAT'S LEFT AFTER EVIL  
ERNIE WAS THROUGH BRINGIN  
DOWN WORLD WAR THREE.

THEY DON'T REMEMBER ABRAHAMERDON  
HERE. I'VE BEEN UP AND DOWN THE  
TIMELINE, AND SEEMS THAT ON  
THIS EARTH, HE NEVER SHOWED.

JUST AS WELL. AS GUESS  
FOLKS HERE GOT  
ENOUGH PROBLEMS  
AS IT IS. SURVIVING IN A  
POST-ATOMIC  
WASTELAND CRANKIN'  
WITH THE LIVIN' DEAD.

STILL, ANY ALL, IT  
AIN'T THE VERSION  
OF HISTORY AN  
REMEMBER, AND  
THEY MAKES FOR  
A WHOLE LOTTA  
QUESTIONS.

AKM KEEPIN THIS HERE  
JOURNAL IN CASE I FIND  
SOME ANGWISS. CHARTIN  
THESE STRANGE NEW  
WORLD'S LIKE AN OLD  
TIME INDIAN SCOUT.

MY GREAT-GREAT-GREAT  
GRANDPAD GET A  
LAUGH OUTTA THEY.

HOLD IT  
RIGHT THERE  
STRANGER

I DON'T  
WANT TO SEE  
YOU SO MUCH AS  
BLINK UNTIL I KNOW  
WHO YOU ARE AND  
WHAT YOU'RE  
DOING HERE.

AN'LL BE KICKED. IT'S HOMICIDE  
THE ODE THEY USED TO CALL THE  
DEAD KING. HANGIN WITH THE  
LIVING NOW. THERE'S ANOTHER  
MYSTERY FER YA.

WHO AM I AM IS  
NOBODY SPECIAL  
NO ALL AM DOWN  
IN THESE PARTS IS  
JUST PASSIN  
THROUGH

HRN. MOVE  
INTO THE  
LIGHT SO I  
CAN  
SEE

THINK THE ROAD  
WARRIOR MEET'S  
"DAWN OF THE  
DEAD". IT'S LIKE THAT

UJLY BRUTAL  
BLOODY.

NO  
FLESH  
SHALL BE  
SPARED

ONLY GOOD THING  
ABOUT IT IS IT'S OVER  
QUICK. WITHOUT  
FERNIE TO LEAD EM  
THE DEAD ONEZ AINT  
SACTLY WHAT YOU  
CALL ORGANIZED.

HOMICIDE'S  
PEOPLE  
THOUGH THEY  
GOT IT  
TOGETHER.

CHAKAKAKAKA

CHOOM  
CHOOM

SKUK

SHUKE

AGYAAHGE

APPRECIATE  
THE HELP.  
STRANGER, BUT I  
THINK YOU  
BETTER BE  
MOVING  
ON

COULD BE  
CONSCIENCE  
BUT IT'S BEEN  
QUIET AROUND  
HERE UNTL  
YOU SHOWED  
UP

NO  
OFFENSE

NONE  
TAKEN  
FRIEND

TRUTH  
TA TELL, YALL  
MAY HAVE A POINT  
SEEMS LANK BAD  
CRABWISS'S  
BEEN DOGGIN'  
MY TRAIL  
ATELSEY

AHLL  
BE ON MY  
WAY.

NEXT BARTH  
TO THE RIGHT

DEAD  
ONEZ  
THE OLD  
MINE-SHAPTS!  
THEY'VE TUNNELED  
UP THROUGH THE  
OLD MINE-  
SHAFTS!

SKRUMPH

ENNAAUUGHHE

SKOOM  
SKOOM  
SKOOM

SKBLAM

HUUHURGH!

EAT IT  
DEADWISAT

SKRUKP



... IS A WHOLE  
NOTHER MOVIE

IDENTSCOT?  
NEGATIVE, HE'S  
A BLANK!

FREEZE,  
PEEP!

TA5 THIS ONE  
"FUTURE"  
"SHOCK".

**FWAAP HIT**

HALF: IN THE  
TRITE OF THE  
LAW!

AH,  
DON'T  
THINK  
SO.

YOU ARE IN  
VIOLATION  
OF...

BEST GIVE  
JOHN LAW  
THE SLIP...

**FWA WOOF**

- AND TAKE ME  
A SHORTCUT  
CROSBTOWN

HOLD  
HERE!

HAII!

**FWAAP HIT**

I'M  
BLANKING  
TRYING

"IMAGINE THIS IS HOW THE OTHER  
HALF LIVES. LOOKS LAKE SOME  
THINGS NEVER CHANGE."





HAH  
AH-AH-AH-AH-AH:  
TRUST  
ME, YOU GROW  
UP ZACHARY  
HITCHCOCK'S  
DAUGHTER, YOU GET  
TO KNOW ALL  
OF THEM.

THREE  
BLOCKS DOWN,  
LEFT AT THE OLD  
BIOHAZARD ZONE,  
RIGHT NEXT TO THE  
MEXICAN SUSHI JOINT.

MUCH  
OBLIGED.

FIGURE I'LL DO SOME  
SHOPPIN' WHILE I'M  
UP HERE IN FUTURE-  
LAND. WHAT'S SECOND-  
HAND HERE'LL BE LARK  
GOLD ANYWHERE ELSE

AH GET LUCKY:  
THEY GOT AMMO  
HERE I AINT  
USED BEFORE

AWRIGHT  
THAT'S ONE GPS  
NAV-COM, ONE  
EM SCANALYZER,  
THREE 9000X AI  
ROMS, PLUS SIX  
KINDS OF  
MULTICALIBER  
CARTRIDGES.

SOMETHING  
TELLS ME  
WE'RE TALKING  
STREET CRED  
INSTEAD OF LEGIT  
TRANSACTION.  
HOW YOU PLAN  
ON PAYING?

WITH A HUNCH, BASED  
ON STUFF I READ ONCE  
ABOUT THE RESULTS OF  
FUTURE OIL SHORTAGES.

PLASTIC

I'LL BE  
JAMMED!

THIS IS  
PURE -- 20<sup>TH</sup>-  
CENTURY  
GRAB!

WE  
EVEN?

DAMN  
STRAIGHT.

AND  
COME BACK  
ANYTIME --  
WHATEVER YOU  
NEED, I DONT  
HAVE IT, I'LL  
GET IT

# FWAAPHT

I LAND HARD THIS TIME.  
LIKE MY JUICE IS CUT  
OFF IN MID-TRANSITION.

Whuff!

RIGHT OFF, I KIN TELL  
SOMETHIN'S OFF ABOUT  
THIS PLACE.

IT LOOKS LIKE PLAIN  
OLD PRESENT-DAY  
EARTH... BUT THERE'S  
SOMETHING MISSING.

WHAT IT IS,  
IS MAGIC.

THE SUPERNATURAL  
DOESN'T EXIST  
HERE.

CALL IT EARTH-NULL.  
AND I'M GONNA HAVE  
A DEVIL OF A TIME  
GETTIN' OFF IT  
WITHOUT MY POWERS.

FACT, THERE'S  
ONLY ONE  
WAY I KIN  
THINK OF.

AND THAT MEANS  
GETTIN' TO FLORIDA  
AND CHARTERING  
A PLANE.

WE GOT  
OURSELVES  
A DEAL?

MAKES  
NO DIFFERENCE  
TO ME WHERE  
YOU WANNA GO,  
LONG AS I  
GET PAID.

WE SET COURSE DUE EAST  
FROM THE KEYS. NOW ALL AH  
GOTTA DO IS TIME THIS JUST  
RIGHT... AND HOPE AH KIN  
TRUST THE COORDINATES  
ON THIS GPS TRACKER.

SMOOCH!

ARE  
YOU  
INSANE?  
SHUT THE  
DOOR!

THANKS  
FOR THE RIDE,  
DARNER.  
THERE'S A BAR  
O' GOLD IN THE  
BACK SEAT OUGHT  
TO COVER THE  
FARE.

SEE, ONE O' THE THINGS  
AH'VE LEARNED IS THAT  
ALL THESE EARTHS ARE  
INTERCONNECTED  
BY GATEWAYS THAT LET  
YOU PASS FROM ONE  
TO THE NEXT.

THERE'S EIGHT O' EM  
SPREAD OUT IN A  
MATHEMATICAL PATTERN  
OVER EACH WORLD.  
EVEN ON THIS NUMB  
LITTLE SUCKHOLE OF  
AN EARTH.

THE ONE AH'M  
SHOOTIN' FOR  
THEY CALL THE  
BERMUDA  
TRIANGLE.

POOF





NOW THERE'S SOMETHIN  
YOU DONT SEE EVERY  
DAY. GUN-TOTIN' LADY  
DEMONS ON THE RUN FROM  
BLACK OPS COMMANDOS

AH B' LIEVE  
AH COULD  
USE A DRINK  
ABOUT NOW...



AH'LL BE DAMNED  
MORGAN GALLOWES  
AND CHASTITY NICE  
TO KNOW THEY  
ENDED UP  
SOMEWHERE  
THEY  
BELONG

WONDER IF  
THEY  
REMEMBER  
ME?

MAYBE BEST TA  
LEAVE IT BE. IF  
SHE DOESN'T,  
I DONT THINK I  
WANNA KNOW

**FWAAH!**

THAT CHAS. AH  
COULDA GONE  
SWEET ON HER  
IF THING'D //

AHH, PERGET  
IFS. IT AINT  
HAPPENIN'.  
END O' STORY

WHOA.  
NOW  
THIS IS  
A DARK  
RIDE

WE'RE TALKIN' MAJOR  
SWORD AND SORCERY  
WORLD, HERE

AETHER'S TANGLED  
WITH BRAIDED  
MAGICKS, THRUWIN'  
WITH POWER LIKE  
HEAVY-DUTY  
HIGH-TENSION LINES.

IT'S ENUFF TA  
MAKE MY HAIR  
STAND ON END.

DUNNO WHY, BUT  
THE NAME "DARK  
MILLENNIUM"  
COMES TA MIND  
FER THIS ONE.

AN' AH JUST BET  
AH KNOW WHO  
THET THERE CASTLE  
BELONGS TO





NOT IT  
IN ONE.

WHITEMANE, PALE  
QUEEN, AVATAR OF  
HE WHO REAPS --

-- LADY  
DEATH.

WHAT THIS "SLEEPING  
BEAUTY" BUSINESS IS  
ABOUT BEATS ME. THO

HUMH

NOT  
SO PALE  
ANYMORE,  
AFTER  
ALL --  
AH  
WONDER

SNARRGHH

RRRRRRRR  
RRRRRRRR

UH-OH

RRRRRRRRRR

THINK AH'LL JUST POP  
BACK OUTSIDE AND



**ENOUGH!**

MY  
PATIENCE  
IS AT ITS END:  
IT IS TIME I SAW  
TO YOUR  
ELIMINATION  
PERSONALLY!

...UM...



BY THE  
POWER THAT  
IS MINE, I  
UNCREATE  
YOU!

THEN  
AGAIN,  
MAYBE  
NOT.

IMPOSSIBLE!



AND YET,  
AS I PROBE HIM,  
I SEE HIS POWER  
SPRINGS FROM THE  
SAME SOURCE AS  
MY OWN, MAKING  
US EQUALS FROM  
A COSMIC  
PERSPECTIVE—

—AND  
PLACING HIM  
BEYOND MY ABILITY  
TO AFFECT DIRECTLY.  
THAT MUST BE WHY HE  
SPRANG BACK INTO  
BEING WITHOUT  
MY WILLING IT.

VERY  
WELL, BECAUSE  
YOU HAVE BEEN  
SPARED BY MY  
WRATH  
TODAY.

BUT  
KNOW THIS: I  
WILL NOT  
TOLERATE YOUR  
MEDDLING  
WITH MY  
WORLDS!



THE THREE  
EARTHS YOU  
HAVE NOT YET TOOK  
I SEAL OFF UNTIL  
THEY HAVE REACHED  
MAJORITY. THOSE, AT  
LEAST, WILL REMAIN  
FREE FROM YOUR  
INTERFERENCE.

WE WILL  
MEET AGAIN,  
AND ON THAT  
DAY,  
BEWARE!



WHAT IS HER FATE?

# Lady Death

DARK MILLENNIUM #1 (OF 3)



IN STORES JANUARY 26, 2000

# *You Are Cordially Invited to Join* **BRIAN PULIDO** *on the “Making Waves” Cruise*

You may have seen your favorite comics creators at conventions or at store signings and even stolen a few minutes of hurried conversation with them, but have you ever thought about spending a leisurely week with them—having dinner, drinking, sitting in on writing seminars, watching chalk-talks, asking questions, pulling up a chair and talking, or otherwise just hanging out with them?

Thanks to the The Comic Book Legal Defense Fund and The Comics Journal, you'll be able to do just that—spend seven days and seven nights on a luxury cruise with over a dozen of the most acclaimed American comics writers, artists, and cartoonists.

For a full color brochure and booking information, call the cruise's toll-free number 1-800-448-1830.

If you have comics-specific questions, you may call either the CBLDF at 1-800-992-2533 or The Comics Journal at 1-800-657-1100.

**WHEN** April 9-16, 2000.

**WHERE** The ship leaves the LA port and travels south to Mexico (three ports of call at Puerto Vallarta, Cabo San Lucas, and Mazatlan).

**WHAT** Not only will the ship be brimming over with comics creators, but it also coincidentally has all the amenities of a luxury cruise ship. The Elation is the newest and largest ship ever to sail to the Mexican Riviera. It's got a casino, spa facilities, three swimming pools, six whirlpools, a spiral waterslide, restaurants, a 24-hour Pizzeria, round-the-clock room service, bars—in short, every decadent extravagance you could imagine—and that's all in addition to having some of the best cartoonists in North America roaming the decks. (It even has a “camp” to take the kids to—Children's World!)

**WHO** The guest list reads like a Who Who's of Contemporary American comics, from every realm of our diverse medium: Jules Feiffer, Frank Miller, Neil Gaiman, Neal Adams, Will Eisner, Dan Clowes, Jeff Smith, Brian Pulido, Evan Dorkin, Matt Wagner, P. Craig Russell, Mark Waid, Kurt Busiek, Adrian Tomine, Gilbert Hernandez, and Jaime Hernandez (with more to come)

**THE ACTIVITIES** Official activities include CBLDF cocktail parties, panels, slide shows, seminars on writing and drawing, Q&A sessions, and dinners. Unofficial activities include hanging out at the bars and lounges, engaging in lively, drunken, opinionated conversation.

**THE PURPOSE** All proceeds go to the Comic Book Legal Defense Fund.

**HOW MUCH** Cabins start at \$1,099 to, well, the sky's the limit.



*Join us for the comics social event of the Millenium:*  
**The “Making Waves” Cruise:** April 9-16, 2000  
**Pre-Launch Party at WonderCon:** Saturday, April 7, 2000

Sponsored by The Comics Journal, NBM Publications, Drawn & Quarterly, Dark Horse Comics, NextPlanetOver.com, WonderCon, and Diamond Distributors.

*(Watch this space next month for an  
important announcement.)*